

## DEAL COUNTRY CLUB

### SPECIAL CLUB DINNERS

will again be served two evenings each week during the winter months.

On Tuesdays, 6 to 8, Regular Full Course Club Dinner, at \$1.50 per plate.

On Wednesdays, 6 to 8, a Full Course Fish Dinner (something new), at \$1.25 per plate.

Telephone 114-A, Asbury Park, and have table reserved for yourself and ladies.

A. L. SIEGHORTNER,  
Manager.

### INTO A FAR COUNTRY.

A house of death—and yet no gloom  
Has met me at the door  
As it has been of yore.  
The hands that set the rooms aright,  
The feet that tread the floor,  
Are no less swift to serve me now  
Than they have been before.

The chamber of her soul the sweet,  
And garlanded it within:  
A place of sweet propriety  
And fragrance it has been,  
To which a holy visitor  
Most gladly entered in,  
For to the inmate of the room  
This guest was near of kin.

And now both host and guest have gone  
Beyond the utmost star;  
The darkened chamber they have left  
To dwell in lands afar:  
A fair estate they two have won,  
Which hath no peer in the land;  
In the sweet place of God Himself,  
Where many mansions are.

The little house upon the hill  
Has never looked more fair,  
The fragrance of a hundred blooms  
Is stealing up the stair,  
The thrill of that long pilgrimage  
Is on the quiet air:  
Oh, blessed hour, than bliss itself  
More wonderfully rare!

Florence Elizabeth Dunn, in Youth's  
Companion.

### The Singer of Flat Rock

By Elmore Elliott Peake.

(From the National Magazine, Boston. Reprinted by permission.)

TOM BENTLEY started the story. He was riding home at midnight from his sweetheart's, over at Aberdeen. He was just about to ford Flat Rock river when his ears were startled by a song, in a woman's voice. Apparently the sound came from the wooded bluff on the other side; yet the nearest house was two miles away and what a woman was doing in that lonely spot at midnight, was a mystery. It was a peculiar song, too, and young Bentley's hair began to rise; but knowing he had to get home that night, he pushed his mare into the stream. When he was about half across, the mysterious song broke off as suddenly as it had begun.

Nobody in Chester believed the story at first, for it was pretty generally known that Marcia Whipple's father always kept a barrel of hard cider in his cellar. But when Prof. Anderson, of the State Geological society, told the same story a week later, people began to talk; and when Rev. Homer Thulstrup, of the First M. E. church, passed through the same experience, one Sunday night riding his circuit, the reign of terror began in Chester. Boys were afraid to go as far as the wood pile after dark; children were afraid to go to bed alone; housewives began to take in their washings at night; people looked their doors and bolted their windows for the first time in the history of Chester; moonlight rides fell into disfavor. Strange things happened. The townhall bell tapped in the dead of night; strange animals were seen lurking under porches; queer noises were heard in the graveyard on the hill; black cats that no body owned skulked across backyards; and an owl hooted in the yew-tree in front of Squire Henneberry's house a week before little Mary Henneberry died.

One night, about a month after the beginning of the excitement, a horse man rode quietly out of Chester by way of the Flat Rock road. Two pistols were stuck in his belt. He forced his horse briskly along until he reached the river, forded it and cantered on down the lonely road, as he had done many a time before when bound for Marcia Whipple's. But after going a quarter of a mile, this time he turned his mare about and walked her noiselessly back on the roadside grass, as far as the fort again. There horse and rider remained motionless for several minutes.

Suddenly, a wild, weird song burst forth from the dark bluff above—a rush of melody, note piled on note, bird-like and wordless, yet unmistakably human. After a moment he lifted the reins and the mare stepped into the water. With the first hoof splash the music ceased.

On reaching the other bank, Bentley tied his horse to a sapling, and began the ascent of the bluff. He reached the top without much difficulty, though his heart was thumping with the combined exertion and excitement. The wooded summit was as dark as a tomb, and he could scarcely make out the dark boles of the trees. Nothing daunted, though, he felt his way along until he had traversed the whole bluff.

No trace of a human being could he find. Then for an hour he sat silent and motionless on the roof of a tree waiting and listening; but nothing except the gurgling of the river and the restless paving of Molly below came to his ears.

The next night he came again a little earlier. This time he carried in addition to his pistols, a pair of climbing spurs. Tying Molly a quarter of a mile up the road, he crossed the ridge and approached the bluff from the side opposite that taken the night before. With noiseless steps he picked his way

toward an old oak that stood in the center of the bluff's flat top—a tree which he had once climbed for a screech-owl's nest. He strapped on his spurs and climbed as far as the fork. Here, in the hollow in which he had found the nest—now half-filled with dead leaves and the litter of squirrels and birds—he took up his watch, invisible from below.

The place was as silent as death, except for the moaning of the river. One, two, three dreary hours dragged by. His legs began to cramp him painfully, but he sat there as stoically as an Indian watching a deer-luck. The moon came up, a great red balloon heavily lifting itself above the murky horizon. Soon it began to gleam upon the surface of the river, and then, mounting still higher it flicked the forest floor beneath him with faint, blue-gray patches.

Eleven o'clock! A screech-owl began its mournful piping, somewhere near, and made him think of Mary Henneberry. Twelve! Half-past twelve! He began to fear that his presence had been detected by the mysterious singer.

At that instant the echoing gulch was set ringing with the growling music for which he had waited so long. For a moment he sat petrified, his flesh tingling, and the chills rippling up and down his back like electric shocks. This feeling quickly passed, yet it was with a new thrill that he became convinced the music was issuing from the foot of the very tree in which he sat. He peeped over the edge. At the sight below he nearly cried out.

A single ray of the moon lighted, with a spectral glare, the face of a woman—a beautiful, ethereal face, with great shining eyes, turned heavenward. That was all. The rest of her figure, if figure she had, was lost in the gloom. Her soul seemed to pour from her lips in the song that now mounted star-spaces above, now sank to a lullaby in her throat—a wonderful, pleading, touching song, not one word of which her entranced listener could understand. Then it ceased, and the face vanished—went out.

A little later—Bentley never knew just how much later—the song arose again, 20 yards away, he judged. Yet he had not heard her move. Shaking off the spell binding him, he began to climb down, hanging motionless to the trunk when the music paused, lest he be heard. Reaching the ground, he picked his way toward the singer, avoiding every noise which might betray him, and screening himself in the black shadows. When within five yards of the edge of the bluff, he stopped. There she stood—tall and graceful, her long black hair streaming down her back, her white hands clasped before her. He could distinctly see her slender frame shake, her throat palpitate, her bosom rise and fall.

A twig snapped under his foot. She stopped in the middle of a note, as it were, as suddenly as though her vocal chords had parted.

"Madam, who are you?" he called, in a voice he could hardly believe his own. She stood as still and unresponsive as the dark trees around her, her eyes glistening like a frightened fawn's. Tom scarcely breathed. Then he became aware that she was slipping away from him, before his very eyes, as noiselessly as a shadow. He moved forward slowly, one, two, three times. The bluff was behind her; in a moment she must surrender, or make a dash to right or left.

She did neither, and his hair began to rise as she apparently floated out on the air above the river. Then the explanation came to him. He had for gotten the narrow formation of rock which stuck out from the bluff like a spur. She had unwittingly retreated upon this and was trapped!

"Madam, if you go further you will fall!" he cried out, warningly. "I don't want to hurt you. I simply want to know your name and who you are."

She stood upright on the tip of the spur, silent and rigid, statue-like in the flood of moonlight. Then, to his dismay, she gathered herself for a spring, and cast herself off. She struck the river, 30 feet below, with a loud, quick splash. The water closed over her and all was still. But only for an instant. The next moment he saw her swimming for the opposite shore, as graceful as an otter.

Bentley had taken that leap himself when a boy, and after a momentary hesitation he decided to take it again. He struck the water feet first, without injury, and then with powerful strokes bore down upon his prey. She landed first, however, and without an instant's pause began to climb the wild grape vines on the face of the cliff, going up hand over hand, like a sailor.

She had climbed scarcely 20 feet when the vines gave way under her weight and precipitated her to the bottom again with stunning force. But, quickly up, she sped down the shingly shore like a hare, Bentley panting close beside her. A rift in the wall, half-choked with broken rock and scrub oaks, offered escape, and she turned in. With wonderful fleetness and sureness of foot, she scaled the rough obstructions, until her way was barred by a great sheet of slate that lifted above her like a wall. She turned upon her pursuer with wild eyes. His blood was up and he fearlessly closed in upon her. She cleverly dodged him, passed him, and sped back down the rift.

For a half an hour after emerging from the gap, she kept to the bank; but her pursuer gained rapidly upon her, and, her strength apparently beginning to fail, she took to the water again. But Bentley was something of a swimmer himself, and when the strange creature mounted the opposite bank, her long hair dripping and sparkling in the moonlight, her pursuer was scarcely ten feet behind; and before she had covered 20 paces more his arms inclosed her.

She submitted without a struggle. Gasping pitifully she fell to her knees and raised her hands imploringly; her beautiful features quivering in an agony of fear. Then her dumb lips were unsealed, and she poured forth a torrent of incoherent, unintelligible words.

All superstitious fear gone, Bentley looked down upon the wretched woman with profound pity. A great bruise, received in her fall, no doubt, stood out upon her forehead; the nails of her delicate fingers were cruelly broken; and the fingers themselves torn and bleeding. The silk gown which she wore was rent in a score of places, and her slippers were literally slit to pieces and dyed crimson with the blood of her lacerated feet.

After a little, she allowed him to lead her along by the hand. To save her feet, he almost carried her up the steep ascent to the road. Their way was barred near the top by a shelf of rock five feet high or more. Bending over, he signed to her to use his back as a step, which she did, without hesitation. He then climbed up himself. To his amazement she was gone.

She had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed her. Bentley called, and looked behind every tree and bush. It was all in vain, and weary and depressed, he rode home.

The following Sunday Rev. Thulstrup gravely announced from the pulpit that the mysterious singer at Flat Rock, whose presence had threatened to demoralize Chester, had been proved by a reputable citizen, to be only a harmless, demented woman. Who the reputable citizen was, he did not make public; but about a week later a stranger apparently the timid songster had Tom to tell him his story.

"It is just as I thought," observed the stranger, upon Tom's conclusion "I have been searching for this woman for five weeks. She was an inmate of the insane asylum at Hamilton, but made her escape. She was an Italian prima donna. About a year ago her husband and her babe were burned to death in a hotel fire at Cincinnati, while she was singing in the opera house. The misfortune drove her mad. The silk gown you saw was one of her stage costumes, which we sometimes allowed her to wear, to humiliate her. It is undoubtedly the only thread of clothing the poor woman has. You must help me find her."

They tried, he and Tom. They lay in wait two nights in succession, but apparently the timid songster had taken flight. The stranger, however, was resolute, and on the third day he organized a regular hunt by daylight. Twenty men and boys, under his direction, scoured every foot of ground in the Holbrook tract. They looked into every cave and fissure of the canyon-like gorge of the river; peered into bushes that would not have sheltered a rabbit; kicked brush-piles; scrutinized the tree-tops; thrust canes and sticks into hollow logs. But the poor hunted creature eluded them all.

A small group centering around the stranger and his lieutenant, young Bentley, gathered at the edge of the river about five o'clock.

"I guess we'll have to give it up for to-day, boys," said the stranger. "We'll drag the river in the morning."

Just then a halloo came from a near hill-top. Everybody swung about. Some one was beckoning excitedly.

"I guess they've got her," said the stranger, cheerfully, promptly moving off. The others followed.

On the top of the hill six or seven men were bunched in a group before a clump of hazel-bushes. The stranger, with Tom at his side, pushed through. In the center of the clump, on her side, her hair clustering over her temple, lay the beautiful mad singer—cold and dead. One thin, blue-veined hand pillowed her cheek; the other clutched a wisp of dead grass, and seemed in the act of bringing it to her mouth.

"Starved, my boy!" said the stranger, sadly, to Tom.

It was so. The emaciated arm was not strong enough to tear the coveted mouthful from its roots. Those lips which had ministered divine melody to thousands, were denied a handful of withered grass in return.

### WATER SNAKE AND TROUT.

An Interesting Encounter Between Reptiles and Fish Described by a Close Observer.

"In the spring of 1898, while fishing in company with Col. S. M. Blair, of Ansonia, Conn., we came to a pool perhaps 30 feet across, formed by the junction of the Umpechenee brook and the Konkapot, in the town of Mill River, Mass." says a writer in Forest and Stream.

"I fished one side of the pool with a fly, while the colonel took the other with bait. Commotion in the center of the pool attracted our attention, and upon looking closer we saw a large water snake with a trout in his mouth. The snake was making a desperate effort to drag the trout to where a shelving ledge came down to the water, while the trout, by continual rushes, would endeavor to keep the snake in deep and swifter water.

"We watched the fight for, I should think, five minutes, and finally the snake tired the trout out, and by a half-tired and half-side-way motion he drew the trout on to the shelving

ledge. "I had by that time cut an alder and killed the watersnake. The snake was about 4½ feet long, and the trout weighed ten ounces. The teeth of the snake were so imbedded in the throat of the trout that it required several hard shakes to release the fish.

"I rather regret that I did not wait to see just what the snake would have done with that trout, but it was the first time that I ever heard of or saw such a thing, and I have an antipathy to snakes."

A Homespun Epitaph.

Eben Condit, of Jersey, O., contributes to the epitaph collection the following, which appears upon a modest tombstone in an unfrequented spot in Bellefontaine cemetery, St. Louis:

"Here rests that angel of woman, Isabella Graham Condit, Wife of Thomas Brooks. Born in New Jersey in 1835. Died in St. Louis in 1900."

You were always satisfied: Always content with what you had; I did not have to rob my employers To keep you in extravagance. How pleasant it was to meet you On returning home. God bless you. YOUR HUSBAND."

—Troy Times.

### LITERARY TREASURE TROVE.

Fortunate Find of an English Book Lover at Auction Sale in Leeds.

One of those romantic discoveries of literary treasure trove which one often hears of but somehow has never the good luck to experience has recently befallen a Leeds man, Harold P. Donn. Some five years ago Mr. Donn was at an auction sale in Briggate, Leeds, when he picked up a battered old volume on Hebrew customs for half a crown. He has recently become aware that the book is of considerable value, and on submitting it to a Leeds gentleman whose opinion on such matters is of some weight, he was informed that the value of his purchase might be estimated at between £300 and £500.

The book does not look worth the money. It can boast only one cover, and the first few pages have disappeared, says the Jewish World. It is really three books bound into one volume—a book on Roman antiquities; "Seven Books of the Attick Antiquities," and the work on Hebrew ceremonies, which constituted the valuable portion. This is entitled "Moses and Aaron. Civil and Ecclesiastical Rites Used by the Ancient Hebrews; Observed at Much Pain for the Clearing of Many Obscure Texts Throughout the Holy Scripture." There is some more title, but this is sufficient for a sample. The book is by one Thomas Godwyn, B. D., whose preface is dated 1674, while the date of issue of this edition, the eleventh, is 1678. It constitutes a complete compendium of Hebrew customs, and is compiled largely from authorities whose works are now lost.

### Electricity and Modern Navies.

One of the improvements in the new battleship Kentucky is the increased use of electricity instead of steam, says a writer in Munsey's Magazine. The Kentucky is planned on the principle of a trolley line so far as her subsidiary engines are concerned. There is a motor which performs each particular work, and instead of a broiling steam-pipe running to it an electric wire connects it with the central engines. The steam is kept where it belongs—in the boiler room. This is a great economy of space, and the discomfort it saves the officers and crew is not easily measured.

### British Naturalization.

To be naturalized in Great Britain an alien must have lived there for at least five years or have served the crown faithfully for the same period; and he must continue to reside in the British jurisdiction, unless he continues in the government service in foreign countries. A naturalized citizen has all the "political and other rights, powers and privileges," and is subject to all the obligations to which a natural-born Briton is entitled or subject.

### Phonographic Reminders.

An ingenious American inventor has just patented a speaking clock which he claims will be of the greatest value to persons of forgetful and irregular habits. It consists of a clock phonograph combination. In place of the usual striking attachment is a phonograph, which can be set to speak a sentence at any time desired, thus becoming an unfailing reminder to its owner of the duties of each successive hour.

### Hindu Found-Bacilli.

Agea ago the Hindu "medicine man" knew all about disease germs and microbes, although he was jeered at by western scientists because he called them "little worms." And, after-all, when we moderns "discovered" what he had known all along, we could find no better name for the new organisms than bacilli—which, being interpreted, is "little sticks."

### How to Clean Oil Paintings.

Artists sometimes use a raw potato for this purpose. Cut off the end of the potato and rub the painting very gently with the cut end. As fast as the potato becomes soiled cut off a thin slice and continue to use it until the whole surface is clean. Another method is to rub the soiled surface with the finger wet in warm water. If the dirt is very hard and old use oil instead of water. Let it rest for a few hours so that the dirt may be softened, then wash off with a sponge and tepid suds.—Ladies' Home Journal.

### Girl Carries Country Mail.

Dora Wolfe, a girl of 16, is a mail carrier in West Virginia. Her duties are to carry the mail on horseback daily between Ripley and Sandyville. She carries two bags of letters and goes armed.

## The Luxury of the Bath

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Bennett, Henry	Robinson, Miss Alice
Buckley, Harry	Shorl, Henry
Colburn, Prof. H. Justin	Stear, W. H.
Dowling, J. A.	Schaeck, Wm
Dunnell, C. W.	Scholar, Wm. M.
Edwards, M. S.	Scott, Miss Ida E.
Emley, Miss Ray	Sprunt, Rev. N.
Farr, Mrs. Charles	Stout, John N.
Gilbert, Florence	Tarver, Miss Mamie
Goodrich, Mrs. L. D.	Wilbraham, Josephine
Hill, Chas. F.	Wood, Miss Annie
Irons, Miss Lulu	Miscellaneous
Jackson, Miss Julia	Up to Date Polish
Kearney, Mrs. L. E.	Ward, Miss Maud
Longstreet, Howard L.	Wright, Revier
Moss, Miss D.	Fourth class Matter
Mitchell, Mrs. Fred Jr.	Schaeck, James
Morris, Geo	

### OCEAN GROVE.

Burby, Mrs. E. A.	Gould, W. H.
Bulley, Lillian	Hall, O. H.
Collins, Mrs. W. E.	Hunt, Katherine A.
Cobbins, Mrs. E. O.	Irvine, Mrs. Mary L.
Conkern, E. T.	Layton, M.
Gifford, Howard	Moyle, W. G.
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## PUB IC NOTICE

Of Contemplated Improvement of Summerfield Avenue, in the City of Asbury Park.

Public notice is hereby given of the intention of the Common Council of Asbury Park to cause Summerfield Avenue to be widened from Main street east to the intersection of Lake Avenue, in conformity to the grade map of Asbury Park, made by Parker N. Black, in the year 1898; and to cause said avenue to be graded with a layer of gravel spread six inches thick at the crown or centre of the avenue, and tapered down to four (4) inches at the gutter line on either side of said avenue, as herein provided for; and to cause said avenue to be guttered on either side thereof with paving brick, as follows: